



"My de-deer! Just think of it! Fifteen cents for a loaf of bread and eighty cents for a pie!"

"Oh! mercy! Don't ask me to think of it, it makes me weepy!"
But would either one give up an afternoon picture or a bridge party to bake some of the pies and bread "that mother used to make" and who would want her to?



"By George! I tell you it's awful. Forty cents a gallon for gas that hasn't got as much pep in it as the kind we used to pay ten cents for!"

But would he return to the old horse, surrey and barn?



When he was a lad father used to get a thousand thrills by hiding out in the hay mow once a month and reading a Jesse James dime novel; while the son of today must have his thrills about five nights per week at a movie at 25 cents per bunch of thrills.



In the old days we had progressive pants. Papa's pants were made over for big brother Bill and then overhauled, and remodeled for Buddy and the motto of the day was "Papa's pants will soon fit Willie!" But today Pop and the boys must have their own at from 50 dollars and up per pair.

IT ALL COUNTS
IN THE
H.C. & L.

Sketches from life
by

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"I'll trade you a Susie Kerwin for a Lillian Russell."
The dudes of the adolescent age used to smoke cigarettes at 10 cents per package (including colored pictures of the opera stars of the day in tights), but now they smoke 30 cent cigarettes and twenty-five cent cigars.



Would anyone go back to this?

"Hey! dearie! Bring me another bucket of hot, this is too confounded c-c-cold!"



Noon lunch counter assaults shows that Nobody goes home to luncheon anymore, because who wants to get three meals a day.



He used to call on "Sweety" on his two leg power machine, while his son gets sore if he doesn't get the sixty horse power baby.